Bull. Royally, why it containes no King.
H.Per. Yes (my good Lord)
It doth containe a King, King Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and ſtone,
And with him the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisburie,
Sir Stephen Scroope, beſides a clergie man
Of holy Reuerence, who I cannot learne.
North. Oh belike it is the Biſhop of Carleil.
Bull. Noble Lords,
Go to the rude ribbes of that auncient Caſtle,
Through brazen trumpet ſend the breath of parlee
Into his ruinde eares, and thus deliuer.
H. Bull on both his knees doth kiſſe king Richards hand,
And ſends alleageance and true faith of heart
To his moſt royal perſon: hither come
Euen at his feete to lay my armes and power:
Prouided, that my baniſhment repeald,
And lands reſtored againe be freely graunted,
If not, Ile vſe the aduantage of my power,
And lay the ſummers duſt with ſhowers of bloud,
Rainde from the wounds of ſlaughtered Engliſhmen,
The which, how far off from the mind of Bullingbrooke
It is, ſuch crimſon tempeſt ſhould bedrench
The freſh greene lap of faire King Richards land,
My ſtooping duty tenderly ſhall ſhew:
Go ſignifie as much, while here wee march
Vpon the graſsie carpet of this plaine;
Lets march without the noyſe of threatning drummes,
That from this Caſtles tottered battlements,
Our faire appoyntments may be wel peruſde.
Me thinks King Richard and my ſelfe ſhould meete
With no leſſe terror then the elements
Of fire and water when their thundering ſmoke,
At meeting teares the cloudie cheekes of heauen.
Be he the fire, Ile be the yeelding water,
The rage be his, whilſt on the earth I raigne.
My water's on the earth, and not on him,
March on, and marke king Richard how he lookes.

The